

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

All communications or inquiry for this department should be addressed to

FLORIDA AGRICULTURIST,

The editor of this department will gladly welcome any hints or articles pertinent to the household. If an reader has any helpful suggestions, please send them along.

For the clouds that brought us sunshine, for the sunshine with its showers,
For the trees that nestle, murmuring of birds and bees and flowers;
For the low call of the mother bird, the whistle of the quail,
And the busy whirl of happy wings as through the air they sail,
For the glow of summer's happiness, the dark of winter's cold,
For the young with smiling faces, for the patience of the old,
For the kindness born of sorrow and the brightness born of gloom,
For the sweetness won from sadness and the lives that learned to bloom,
Accept my thanks, O Lord!

For the wee chirp of the cricket, for the music of the wind,
For the friends whose smiles of welcome bring a pleasure keen to mind;
For the tinkle of the cow bell as it calls up memory's train,
For the twinkle of the dew drop and the ripple of the rain;
For the pain that taught us sympathy, the woe that cleared our eyes,
For the heartbreak and the yearning and the weary, long-drawn sighs;
For the joys that came at last to bring the message from above,
For the days of bliss that followed, walking hand in hand with love,
Accept my thanks, O Lord!

For the soaring of the eagle, for the silver sheen of mist,
That caresses haunting hill tops like a lover's smile, sunkissed;
For the dreams that beckon, waking, for the dreams that lure, asleep,
For the castles that our fancy builds and holds in faithful keep;
For all of these and more, far more I raise my grateful praise,
To one who know and understands the wherefore of our days;
With thankful heart turn my eyes, a-mist with happy tears,
Forward the gracious future as she beckons down the years,
Accept my thanks, O Lord!
—Woman's Home Companion.

Cleaning Up in the Small Town.

In the midst of the wilderness of tracks that constitutes the transfer yards of the Pennsylvania railroad at a division point stands a little house that shelters a switchman. Usually the little bit of land of such a "shanty" is cinder-covered or piled with the waste of the work. It was with surprise, therefore, that I saw a flash of brilliant floral color in passing through the yard in question on a train one hot July day. I recognized the flowers as those of the portulaca. Inquiry proved that the switchman, Mr. Dull, is a true beautiful American. He told about his effort thus:

"I bought one packet of portulaca seed for ten cents about six years ago. The other switchman helped me carry some good dirt to spread over the cinders, and we made a bed and planted the seeds. We all liked the bright flowers and we gathered and kept plenty of seed from them, so that we have had more than enough to keep up the bed, for we give away every season about five hundred little plants."

Here was the real thing: to make beautiful where he could and then play missionary to others. Mr. Dull added: "I wish the other yardmen would make flower beds, too!"

Let us who believe in a more beautiful America settle down for steady effort to a creed with these items:

1. We will have no dirty back or front yards about our own homes, and we will, by example and help, endeavor to have our neighbors also clean up.

2. We will plant American hardy trees, shrubs and vines and grow clean grass wherever we can, and will our neighbors to do likewise.

3. We will join cheerfully, as far as our resources permit, in organized effort for clean and beautiful streets and highways, and will help any movement for parks and playgrounds with which we may come in contact.

4. We will endeavor to protect trees from the unthinking attacks of electric polemen and will not permit the setting of electric poles on our own premises except in extreme cases, and then under rigid safeguarding of trees and of landscape beauty.

5. We will oppose the erection or continuance of objectionable advertising signs of any kind, and will assist in their removal by kindly argument and by and by openly refraining from purchasing articles so advertised.

6. We will fight the mosquito relentlessly by cleaning up or oiling wet places where it may breed, urging others to do the same.

7. Finally, we will consider outdoor beauty as worth while and ask to have the children of America grow up in a greater love for the natural beauty of their country.—Ladies' Home Journal.

How Not to be Poor.

There is a common belief among Swiss people that all Americans are wealthy, the reason for this opinion being that American travelers throw their money to the four winds, but the American is not always rich; and he who lives luxuriously in Switzerland must sometimes settle down to poor folk's ways when he gets home.

He comes back to his native country—a land flowing with milk and honey—where, if he would, he might get rich. He leaves rugged, mountain-oppressed Switzerland, where, to gain a meagre living, a man must conquer unconquerable nature; yet he leaves a people better off than those to whom he returns.

As regards natural wealth, Switzerland is one of the poorest countries in Europe; yet its private citizens are well-to-do. It is true, large fortunes are rare, but poverty is almost unknown; and the much-talked of simple life—the genuine simple life—is actually lived by a good many people.

Instead of fertile fields the farms are, for the most part, mountain sides, not adapted in their native states to earning anything.

As usual, the difficulties all resolve themselves into matters of detail. It is by small economies, by daily thrift and constant care, that these people, whom nature would keep poor, are mastering this money question.

The women of Switzerland know how to help themselves. They can use their hands also. They have an existence quite as important to the family finances as have the men. There is not one way, but many ways, in which a Swiss woman may remain at home. Embroidery is not all done by machinery, but the most tasteful and original designs come often from peasants. Lace-making is also a practised art, and the beautiful scarfs which adorn the heads of the women show that they have not lost their interest in personal adornment. Wood-carving and even parts of watch-making are done at home.

Except in cities, each family has a garden; and it is a field of labor quite adapted to men, women and children, and a most wholesome and remunerative field it is.

Not much meat is eaten. The chief foods are milk, delightful cream and good cheese. One palatable and popular dish is made of cheese curds curds stewed in cream and then baked in cream and then baked with a little butter.

There is not, so far as I could discover, a vestige of waste among these people. Refuse from barns, poultry houses and pig pens is carefully saved and applied where it will do most good. Wood ashes are fine for grapevines. Vines that are pruned away serve for ropes. Branches from thorn trees make barbed fences. Slender twigs, too small for the cook stove,

A Matter of Health

There is a quality in Royal Baking Powder which makes the food more digestible and wholesome. This peculiarity of Royal has been noted by physicians, and they accordingly endorse and recommend it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

are woven with cord to make window shades and awnings. Mulberry leaves feed the silk worms. The forests are carefully tended, and the trees are given, not only a chance for light and air, but are also protected from worms.—Boston Cooking School

Discoveries.

A new bride has a linen chest with a most convenient top tray. The latter is half as wide as the chest and as it slides easily does not need lifting out to reach the things underneath. It is just the right size for towels and pillow slips, while sheets and other large pieces are kept below.

Canaries are very fond of green food, and in winter when lettuce may be scarce a little of their own seed planted in a flower pot will soon grow. The birds enjoy it very much, especially if given their liberty and allowed to pull the little plants for themselves. If birds are allowed to come out of their cages and become acquainted they develop a great deal of individuality and become very companionable. I have two and give them their liberty for a few hours every day, and they are happier and stronger for the exercise. They can always be coaxed back, to their cage by offering their favorite food or hemp seed.

When your bottle of vaseline begins to look smeary and messy, don't bear with it as a necessary evil, but melt it over in the original bottle by simply setting it on the back of the stove. Then, if you like, transfer it to smaller jars or bottles.

Our exchange began with Helen's desire to earn some money. She was handy with neither the needle nor the brush, nor could she be long away from home, on account of her mother's precarious health. Many of her friends sent work to a woman's exchange in a neighboring city, which was not very profitable, owing to the expense for transportation. Forthwith the idea for a local exchange came to Helen. She announced her plans as follows: The exchange would be open for six weeks before Christmas. The registration fee would be one dollar, and she would keep ten per cent of each sale. Not only all kinds of marketable fancy work would be received, but plain and fancy aprons, baby clothes, hand or machine made underwear and food. Every one was advised not to make great quantities of any article, but to hold herself in readiness to fill orders. Perishable foods, pies, cakes, bread, Maryland biscuit and the like were received only on two days in the week. Jellies and preserves, fruit cake, etc., were to be had every

day. The exchange proved popular, not only in the town itself, but in the neighboring towns as well. When the accounts were settled, Helen herself made sixty dollars. Of the consignors, the makers of the simpler articles, plain underwear and cuffs and various foods had fared best. There were few articles to be returned, and those had been handled so carefully that they could still be used. Many orders had been left to be filled after Christmas. Helen discovered that the accounts must be kept with the most scrupulous care, or almost irreparable confusion would result. She has planned this year to hire a room in the centre of the town instead of holding the exchange in her own home. She will then solicit subscriptions for several magazines, and have the agency for a good silver polish and other marketable commodities.

The following is a good recipe for mincemeat, containing no meat fibre nor meat liquor and is put up without cooking: Take two pounds of finely chopped suet, four pounds of grated bread crumbs, four pounds of currants, four pounds of raisins, five pounds of brown sugar, one and one-half pounds of peel, lemon, orange and citron, six pounds of apple, weighed after being chopped, two table spoonsful of cinnamon, two table spoonsful of cloves, one table spoonful of mace, one table spoonful of salt and two quarts of boiled cider. The ingredients are blended without being boiled; put away in jars, set in a cool place. This mince will keep all winter.

Who has tried rubbing glycerine over the window pane to prevent its becoming frosted? It is often a relief, especially if there's an invalid in the room who depends on the outside view for amusement.

Few people seem to know the American or Swedish sardines. We like the delicate smoked flavor so well that we prefer them now to the French ones, and they are so much cheaper, too.—Good Housekeeping.

Courtenay, Merritt's Island, Fla.,
Dec. 23, 1904.

E. O. Painter Co.,
Jacksonville, Fla.,

Dear Sirs:

I have been 10 days late in check. I wish 4 tons more of No. 1 and one ton of Die Back but will not put in order until I get more returns.

My oranges are reported as being the only ones arriving in N. Y. in excellent condition.

Yours truly,

M. S. Sams.